

Title: The Journal, Vol. I

Author: Kard Ticklesong

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The Bards of  
Britannia Present,

The Journal, Vol. I

By Kard Ticklesong

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The winter breeze,  
Cools my knees,  
As I kneel apon,  
The subtleties,  
So forsaken gone,  
Forgotten long,  
This peaceful song,  
This winter breeze.  
It blows west,  
Flows abreast,  
The marching sounds,  
Of a beastly test,  
Tracing lines,  
Of fire in sight,  
Of villages burnt,  
In single nights,  
O' mourning cries,  
The morning dies,  
As the moonlight falls,  
The sun fails to rise,  
Shadow falls,  
Upon sacred halls,  
Hallowed once,  
Now only mauled,  
Armors clash,  
As light strikes back,  
A million men,  
In a pavilion stack,  
Upon a hill,  
Their swords drawn still,  
They stand and wait,  
For the word to kill.  
The sunlight fades,

A bird that bade,  
The battle march,  
Is straining, aged,  
Time is slowed,  
And all is known,  
With a mind of one,  
And a reaping sown.

O, the light,  
The glorious light,  
gives gleam to darkness,  
In midst of the fight,  
Blades shall clash,  
And blood shall sling,  
Through fogged air,  
Near deathly things,  
The beasts we face,  
Though from evil homes,  
Shall fall today!

Never again be known!

My blade strikes true,  
Sings right through,  
It's bloody song,  
Of the morning's dew,  
Night fall is hard,  
The campfires start,  
The men gather, sing,  
To ease their hearts,  
Alone the King sits,  
'Pon a stump of ash,  
Rash with his words,  
But indeed he will match,

Any enemy,  
That dare face his men!  
He shall strike them down  
once,  
And then strike them  
again!

Only the greatest evil  
could stop him!

Nay does he fear  
dragons, or beasts from  
a coffin!

He fears only man, in  
his endless mistakes,

The King's crown has  
fallen, thorns taken it's  
place.

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